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In the tradition of Les Animaliers

*The Franklin Mint is appointed to produce
six magnificent African wildlife bronzes*

(The Franklin Mint has been commissioned by the East African Wildlife Society to produce a collection of six original bronze animal sculptures. These works — The Official African Wildlife Bronzes — will be created by Don Polland, one of America's most celebrated animal sculptors and an artist who continues the great tradition of Les Animaliers.)

* * *

EVER since man first began to depict wild animals on the walls of prehistoric caves, about 8,000 years before Christ, he has tended to see such animals, not as creatures in themselves, but as symbols. As reflections of himself, or as gods or demons.

Fortunately, this inability—or unwillingness—to see and portray animals *purely as animals* has not prevented man from creating outstanding works of animal art, including both sculpture and paintings, in every age in which art has been allowed to flourish.

And yet, for whatever reason—whether through vanity, fear or superstition—artists have almost always tended to *personify* the animal, rather than to *portray* it as it really is.

There have been, of course, notable exceptions. During the Italian Renaissance, for instance, the Florentine sculptor Donatello created a magnificent

statue called *Gattamelata*, which is still one of the finest examples of equestrian art ever produced. At the same time, the versatile genius Leonardo da Vinci sketched a number of horses truthfully and powerfully, in a remarkable series of precise anatomical drawings. And in northern Europe, the great German artist Albrecht Dürer created a stunning study of a *Hare*—an animal painting of enormous charm and extraordinary detail.

Later, during the Baroque period of art, the Flemish master Peter Paul Rubens and the French Romantic painter Eugène Delacroix displayed a vivid sense of imagery in their animal paintings. Yet even these acknowledged giants of art—let alone artists of lesser talents—tended to treat animals as *secondary* to the central theme or character of their work, and portrayed such creatures as having spiritual or human natures. Or as metaphors for good or evil.

And so, it was not until the 19th century that artists truly began to see—and portray—animals *not* as symbols, but as creatures of beauty in their own right.

These artists were a group of French sculptors who came to be known as *Les Animaliers*—literally, “The Animal Makers.” And, in the period from about

1830 to 1890, they created some of the most exquisite bronze animal sculptures in the long history of art. Though rarely standing more than a foot in height, these magnificent bronzes are exactly faithful to the living animals down to the tiniest detail and today they are highly prized and sought-after works of art, commanding prices running into many thousands of dollars each.

The first and foremost of the great French *Animaliers* was a young Parisian-born artist named Antoine-Louis Barye who, in the late 1820s, turned from the making of fine jewelry to devote his full time and talents to the sculpture of animals. And when he did so, Barye became one of the first sculptors not only to perceive an animal *as an animal*—but to sculpture *exactly* what he saw!

Born in 1796, Barye was the son of a jeweler, who trained him to master the exacting craft of melting and casting precious metals. As a result, the young Barye became an expert in the time-consuming and expensive *cire perdue* or “lost wax” method of casting figures.

Leaving his father’s profession while still a young man, Barye turned first to painting, then to medallic sculpture, then back to the creation of jewelry and, finally, to animal sculpture—an art that had fascinated him from early childhood.

What most distinguished Barye as an artist—aside from his surpassing creative ability and meticulous craftsmanship—were his extraordinary powers of observation and his deep love of animals and understanding of their ways.

Barye’s clarity of artistic vision, moreover, was evident even in his own time. As a 19th-century art historian wrote:

“His watchful, straightforward eyes look you always in the face, frankly and profoundly . . . (he) observes you and waits, listens to you with singular patience and penetrates your character without fail.”

Of Barye’s craftsmanship, Delacroix said: “I shall never be able to give the curl to a tiger’s tail as that fellow can.”


And no less a commanding figure in art than Auguste Rodin, the greatest sculptor since Michelangelo, went even further in praising Barye’s mastery of animal sculpture. “Barye,” Rodin declared, “was the master of masters . . . he was beyond all and outside of all . . . he belongs to the centuries . . .”

Indeed, Barye seemed to understand the *nature* of animals better than most of his contemporaries. And

his *love* for animals—which is clearly evident in his work—was unique in that it lacked any trace of sentimentality. He loved animals for themselves—not just as creatures to whom man could transfer his own personality, or his own morality.

Thus, Barye was able to create a sculpture, showing a tiger in the very instant of bringing down an antelope, that evokes not the slightest hint of horror, or even of malice. It is a simple and eloquent portrayal of an act of animal survival—a *natural* thing for a tiger to do.

Antoine-Louis Barye continued his work until a few years before his death in 1875 at the age of 79. And today, his splendid animal sculptures are found in the finest museums and private collections throughout the world.

But Barye left the world much more than his works alone, magnificent as they are. Barye also left a tradition—and a challenge—to the animal sculptors who followed. A challenge that has been recognized—and met—by Don Polland, the artist selected to create *The Official African Wildlife Bronzes*. 



Animal sculptor Don Polland at work in his Arizona studio on “The Official African Wildlife Bronzes” collection.



American Animalier Don Polland stands silhouetted against a sunset over the Serengeti Plain while on an artistic safari to East Africa.

Don Polland... American Animalier

IT may seem strange that the sculptor selected to create *The Official African Wildlife Bronzes* for the East African Wildlife Society is primarily an artist of the American West. Strange, perhaps—but not at all inappropriate.

For Don Polland, the artist chosen for this important commission, is recognized by private collectors and museum curators alike as one of the world's finest living animal sculptors.

Nevertheless, this *was* a particularly challenging assignment for Polland—and one he did not undertake lightly. For, though he is a master of his art, he had never before portrayed African wildlife.

Yet few artists have a greater command of their medium or can surpass his ability to capture in bronze the

strength, beauty and fluid grace of large animals. And so he set about his work in the only way possible—by traveling to Africa, where he could see his subjects in the wild.

For Polland's artistic instinct told him that he should not accept the commission unless he could first observe the animals in their native environment; that he would have to do more than just study them in a zoo or a museum of natural history.

"If you want me to do these bronzes," said Polland, "I'll have to go to Africa."

And so it was, in the fall of 1975, that Don Polland was flown to Nairobi, Kenya—into the very heart of Equatorial Africa; into the homeland of some of the world's most magnificent animals, there to study them

at firsthand in their natural habitat.

To understand Polland's mission, and to appreciate the necessity for it, one must first understand something about Africa itself. The world's second largest continent, Africa is bisected by the Equator, and two-thirds of the continent lies between the Tropics of Capricorn and Cancer. Thus, Africa is the way it is because of *where* it is.

For Africa is tropical. Much of it is forbidding. And some of it—even today—is impenetrable. In the north, stretching from the Atlantic Ocean to the Red Sea, is the inhospitable Sahara Desert—3700 miles of sand and rock. A scorched and desolate land known only to nomadic tribes. And in the south is the equally barren Kalahari Desert.

The rest is steppe, savanna, rain

forest and bush. Yet there is a part of Africa that, though tiny by contrast with other areas, is a sanctuary for many of the last remaining specimens of the mightiest, most majestic animals that have ever walked the earth.

That place—just to the east of the great Congo Basin—lies within a triangle marked by Nairobi to the north, Mount Kilimanjaro to the south, and the shores of Lake Victoria to the west. It includes the rich and verdant Amboseli Game Reservation and the broad, timeless plains of the Serengeti Preserve, that almost treeless expanse of high grass that is Africa's largest wildlife sanctuary.

And it was to this region of Africa



that Don Polland went to spend long days on safari with Michael Sawyer, chief executive of the East African Wildlife Society and a man with a vast knowledge of the animals of the African veldt.

By Land Rover, on horseback and—often perilously—on foot, Polland and Sawyer crisscrossed the plains of southern Kenya and northern Tanzania, stalking some of the most dangerous animals on earth—armed with nothing more than a camera and sketchpad.

The experience has left Polland with vivid impressions—and lasting memories.

"It was the most exciting, most moving time of my life," Polland remembers. "You just can't imagine the vastness of East Africa unless you've been there. And to see those animals roaming wild and free—just as they have for centuries—is humbling... breathtaking... and just a little bit scary. Because you realize you've come to a place where time has all but stood still."

More than anything else, however, it was the animals that impressed Polland.



A black rhinoceros, top photo, rumbles across the Amboseli Game Preserve while, below, a graceful cheetah scouts the horizon.

"The African elephant has to be the most aristocratic creature alive. Moving unmolested across the open country, in small family groups or in herds up to thirty or more, it appears both majestic and gentle—even charming. But when it's provoked, an elephant can become the most deadly animal in Africa. A five-ton bull elephant, standing almost thirteen feet high at the shoulder, can move through brush—brush a man would find it hard to cut his way through—as silently as a shadow. And he can outrace a horse over fifty yards. I remember Mike Sawyer telling me: 'if he comes at you with his trunk straight out, he may be bluffing and you can stand your ground. But if he curls that trunk up on his forehead, then you better get out of there—he means business,'" Polland recalls.

"You know, the elephants you see in the circus are Indian elephants. They can be trained to work or perform tricks. But you can *never* tame an African elephant. They're born wild and free, and they stay that way all their lives."

Polland and Sawyer were lucky enough to encounter both a pride of lions and a lone cheetah on the same day, while reconnoitering south of Lake Amboseli in the foothills of Kilimanjaro.

"The lions were sprawled out in the shade of an acacia tree," Polland says. "Apparently they had just fed, and they treated us with a disinterest that bordered on disdain. There was one great-maned male, a female, and a pair of cubs. Mike told me I could approach them fairly closely, that I wouldn't disturb them. But I settled for a 'close-up' through my binoculars.

"The cheetah was another story, though. We first spotted him about 75 yards off to the side of the trail. And when we turned the Land Rover toward him, he began to move off at a lope. Then, as we picked up speed to try and close the gap between us, that cat just lit out in a blur of color, cut down through a wash and dis-

appeared from our line of sight.

"One animal I couldn't get close to — but saw at a distance by the hundreds — was the greater kudu, a magnificent antelope that moves across the plains in gigantic herds, raising great clouds of dust. They've got huge spiraling horns that they use to ward off lions trying to pick off stragglers from the herd," Polland adds.

Two other animals Polland studied intently, because he intends to sculpt them for the collection, were the shy and graceful giraffe and the short-sighted, shorter-tempered and always dangerous black rhinoceros. Surprisingly, he found them having a sociable drink together.

"It was fantastic," says Polland. "There was the giraffe, perhaps the most gentle animal in East Africa, with its long legs spread akimbo and its extraordinarily graceful neck dipping down to take a drink from a waterhole. And there, not thirty yards away, was that mean rhino, also drinking — and not paying the least attention to the giraffe. I think it was probably because the rhino's sight was so bad that he never knew the giraffe was there."

* * *

Don Polland's African safari proved to be both an exciting personal adventure and an inspiring artistic experience — one that proved invaluable when he returned to his Arizona studio to begin work on *The Official African Wildlife Bronzes*. Yet there are two other aspects of Polland's background that have contributed much to the successful completion of this important commission.

First of all, if there is *any* place on earth that resembles the spacious plains of the Serengeti, it is the rolling grasslands in the upper reaches of the American West — an area that Don Polland knows well. For much of his youth was spent working on cattle ranches owned by two of his uncles.

"I remember, when I was in Africa,



Four of East Africa's most magnificent animals. At top left, a herd of greater kudu and, at right, giraffes on the move. Below, a pair of lions and a charging bull elephant.


noticing how much some parts of it reminded me of the country back home. Not all of it, of course; not by a long shot. But every once in awhile, I'd look out across a stretch of ground in Kenya and catch myself thinking, 'Darn if that doesn't look just like the San Rafael Swell in Emery County, Utah.'

"And believe it or not, even some of the animals are not all that different. I'm not talking about rhinos or elephants, certainly, but some of our western antelope and Rocky Mountain elk *do* resemble some of the antlered animals of Africa. And then there's the puma, the American mountain lion. He's a lot fatter and has shorter legs than a cheetah, but the shape of their heads is very similar. And the muscle structure of the puma is also very much like that of the African lioness," Polland explains.

The second aspect of Polland's

background that played an important part in this commission is the artist's own evaluation of his talent — a factor that weighed heavily in earning him the assignment.

For Don Polland is one of the finest of America's sculptors; an artist whose works are found in important museums and outstanding private collections. Yet Polland is also an art scholar who has made a long study of the history of animal sculpture — particularly the work of the French animal sculptors of the 19th century.

"Since I come from and work in the West," the artist observes, "most people assume that I consider myself a follower in the footsteps of Frederic Remington and Charles Marion Russell. Well, I do. But when people ask me whose work I admire most, or who my artistic idols are, I tell them the truth: Antoine-Louis Barye and the French Animaliers." 

Who's in charge here...

Brian G. Harrison

New Franklin Mint President is a man with an international outlook

BRIAN Harrison is the new President of Franklin Mint Corporation.

All his life, he's set high goals. And —through a combination of ability, hard work, self-discipline and determination—he has reached them. And then he's set himself even higher goals "because there's no fun in life if you don't have something to shoot for."

British-born, he worked his way past the barriers of rank and tradition in his native land, then became an American citizen—by choice—"because this *is* the land of opportunity."

The son of working-class parents, Harrison has earned the Presidency of one of the world's most famous and most respected companies.

He's made a name for himself both in the country where he was born and in his adopted homeland.

And he did it all before he turned 40!

Professionally, Harrison is a man with a strong sense of purpose—a hard-driving, no-nonsense executive committed to getting every job done "as well as it possibly *can* be done." But he's also a man with perspective, who tries never to lose sight of the fact that "these jobs are being done by

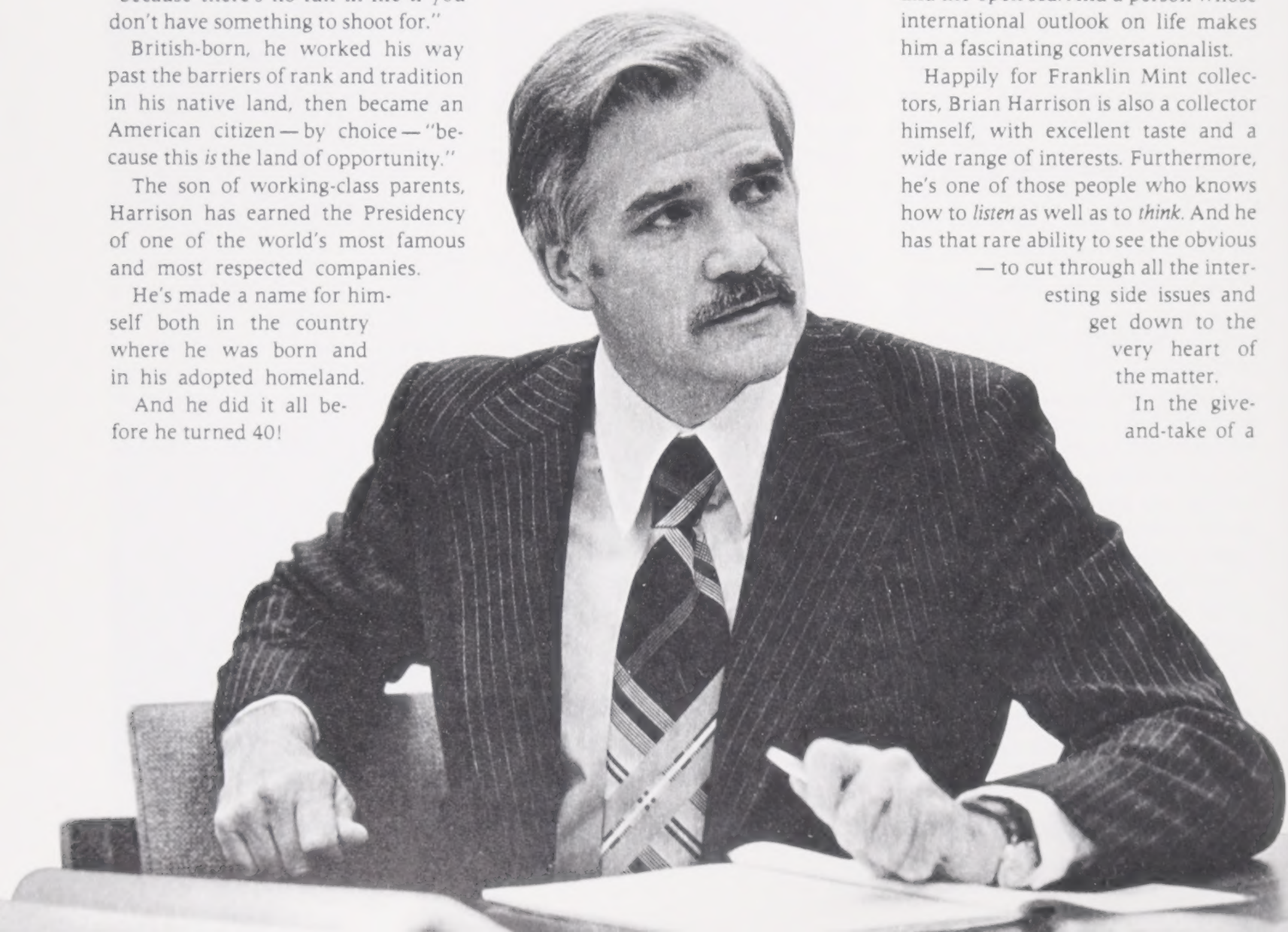
people—and people are entitled to be treated as individuals, every minute of the day."

As that kind of thinking indicates, he's also a human being well worth knowing. A man of gentle humor and personal charm. A doting husband and father. A lover of books, sports and the open sea. And a person whose international outlook on life makes him a fascinating conversationalist.

Happily for Franklin Mint collectors, Brian Harrison is also a collector himself, with excellent taste and a wide range of interests. Furthermore, he's one of those people who knows how to *listen* as well as to *think*. And he has that rare ability to see the obvious

— to cut through all the interesting side issues and get down to the very heart of the matter.

In the give-and-take of a



meeting, where professional men exchange ideas and debate possible courses of action, Harrison listens to what everyone has to say, then quietly suggests a possible solution. Usually, the reaction is immediate — stemming not from the authority of his title but from the logic of his suggestion. “Of course that’s the answer,” people say. “And it’s so *simple*. Why didn’t we see it before?”

His ability to communicate, moreover, is familiar to collectors around the world. For he has met and talked with literally hundreds of them — both here in the United States and in other countries from Canada to Japan — developing some very clear ideas about what collectors want and how best to serve them.

“The important thing one has *got* to keep in mind,” he explains, “is that our collectors come from all walks of life in every country we serve. So we’re not dealing with one narrow segment of the population or one special interest group. Yet the wonderful thing is that they *do* have something in common: Their strong feeling about collecting.

“I’ve been in many parts of the world and met many, many collectors. And they’ve told me, in no uncertain terms, that a good part of the pleasure they get from collecting comes not just from owning beautiful things but from *learning*, and broadening their horizons, as a result of their collecting.

“The message I get from this,” Harrison adds, “is that we’ve got to broaden *our* horizons right along with them. On the one hand, we’ve got to retain the things collectors value about us now — the high standards of quality, creativity, integrity and personal service that helped us grow from a small company to an international one. On the other, we must blend those qualities with the advantages that come from having collectors in many different countries. We must continue to take note of their vastly different collecting interests, with an eye toward bringing our collectors the best of

both worlds. That’s how I see our jobs.”

As President, Harrison has full responsibility for the company’s day-to-day operations as it moves toward that goal. He reports directly to Board Chairman Charles Andes, who will continue as the corporation’s Chief Executive Officer and will supervise planning, finance, corporate marketing, corporate development, and other staff functions designed to assure the company’s continued growth.

“Brian was the logical choice to succeed me as President,” Andes declares, “not only because of his ability but because he’s a man who joined the mint when it was very young and grew up right along with it. And he’s earned his way to the top by meeting every challenge we had to offer.

“He came here in 1966 as technical director,” Andes explains, “then worked his way up by proving his ability again and again, in every area of our operation. As head of manufacturing for The Franklin Mint, he helped establish the uncompromising standards that are still applied to everything we do. Under his direction, our international division expanded into ten countries, and international sales increased more than twelvefold in less than four years.

“And he’s done all this without ever losing sight of the fact that we’re a people-oriented company. That one of the keys to our growth always has been the determination to treat our collectors the way we’d want to be treated ourselves.”

And that is easy for Brian Harrison, for he is himself a Franklin Mint collector. And that is one of the things that brings special pleasure to Harrison, his wife Maureen, and their daughters Jacqueline, 15, and Stephanie, 14. “We got started with a set of the Gaming Tokens minted back in the mid-1960s. I found them so interesting that I took them out and showed them whenever anyone came to call. And before I knew it, I was hooked — I had become a Franklin Mint collector — though I’d never col-



Franklin Mint Chairman Charles L. Andes, right, briefs Harrison on corporate plans for future.

lected much of anything until then.”

As time went on, Harrison adds, the family acquired several other coin and medal issues — and then, as the mint began developing other kinds of collectibles, they found many they very much wanted to own. As a result they now have a large collection of many different Franklin Mint issues.

“Collector’s plates, for example. We’ve a number of those — starting with the first Norman Rockwell Christmas Plate and including all the White House Historical Association Presidential Plates issued so far. And the Robin Hill Bird Prints. We think they’re marvelous. We have all five framed and hanging on our walls. The Royal Family Cameos, issued by Pinches while I was in London as President of Franklin Mint International. I think they’re very, very handsome, both in concept and in execution. A number of important coin of the realm issues. And, of course, the Hundred Greatest Books collection.

“I’ve always loved books,” he says. “One of my great dreams has always been to have a fine library — a room with a large fireplace where I can have beautiful books like these all around me, covering the walls from top to bottom and right at hand when I want to read them. I think that’s

really an ideal collection for a lot of people — including myself."

When Harrison talks like this about what collectors want, moreover, he speaks not just from his heart but from the memory of many personal conversations. "One of the best things about my association with The Franklin Mint," he says, "has been the opportunity I've had to meet so many interesting people, including both the artists and craftsmen here inside the mint and the collectors on the receiving end of what we offer."

"As I've traveled, I've met many, many people who have become interested in collecting — as I did — solely because of their association with The Franklin Mint. And believe me, it's a tremendous personal satisfaction to talk to these people and see their enthusiasm."

"I think everyone in the company who comes in contact with this is first surprised and then thoroughly gratified — because it's the culmination of everything we've been working for and hoping to achieve. To see

that we're getting this kind of reaction is just terrific!

"Many times, in fact, I've found myself visiting the home of personal friends and before you know it they're showing me their collection — because they're proud of it, and then enjoy showing it and sharing it. It's a reaction you don't get when you work for most other companies."

The most remarkable experience of all, he recalls, came when he played host at a reception for collectors in London — an event "much like the ones our Collectors Society organizes during the vacation trips abroad."

In the course of that evening, he says, "I shook hands and chatted with about 700 different collectors. Lords and Ladies. Very young people. Doctors. Lawyers. Schoolteachers. People with ruddy complexions who obviously worked outdoors. Manual workers with big, beefy hands. People who appeared to have college educations and others who obviously didn't. Just a tremendous cross-section — and all of them extremely interested in

talking about our collectibles."

The most impressive thing, he continues, was the fact that virtually all of these people knew what they were talking about when it came to collecting. "They brought home to me, in no uncertain terms, the fact that the more someone collects the more demanding he or she becomes."

"Collecting itself is a learning process, after all. The more you collect, the better able you are to recognize quality. The more you collect, the more critical — the more educated — the more sophisticated you become. Your interests develop and diversify. That night, in fact, I discovered that many of our collectors go through exactly the same progression I did, beginning with coins and medals and then expanding their interests to include other issues, like collector's plates, pewter figures, fine art prints, bronze sculptures, fine books, and works of art in crystal and porcelain."

"From the Franklin Mint's point of view," Harrison adds, "this makes it very clear that it's not good enough

New Franklin Mint President Harrison, a "shirtsleeve" executive, examines pewter sculpture of Model T Ford with mint executives, from left, Nelson Colton, Executive Vice President and General Manager; Ian Modelevsky, Program Director, and Walter M. Fish, Vice President of Marketing.



to stand still. To keep our collectors interested, involved and satisfied, we must do better and better all the time. And that's just fine with me. Because I *know* that we're not selling just the pleasure of looking at medals or fine art prints or books. We're also selling the *satisfaction* of knowing something about what you own.

On both levels, he says, the key to The Franklin Mint is and will continue to be *quality*.

"It's always been that way, right from the day Joe Segel first hired me. My job *was* quality. We were trying to achieve the impossible. And the longer we did it, the more I learned that there's *nothing* impossible if you keep at it. In all honesty, one of the reasons The Franklin Mint means so much to me personally is that this is where I learned how to *think* all over again."

The best part about it, he adds, "is that we not only *achieved* those impossible quality standards, we *exceeded* them. As a result, we now have higher standards for *all* the things we do!"

Sometimes, Harrison admits, those standards pose a sensitive problem "because we are still educating our suppliers—even the best of them—and if we get something that's not exactly right, we'd rather delay shipment than send it out that way.

"The rule we follow is very simple. We always ask ourselves: 'Would I like to get this medal, this album or this book in this condition? Or would I rather wait a little longer and get it right?' And there *can* be only one answer. Neither we nor our collectors would ever want to compromise our standards of quality."

High standards have always been applied in Brian Harrison's personal life, as well.

Born in Birmingham, England, he comes from a family for whom hard work has been a way of life. "My father was a carpenter, and he died when I was five. My mother later remarried and my stepfather worked at a bench in a machine shop. I left school when I was sixteen and went

to work as a laboratory assistant, going to night school at the same time.

"Then I got lucky, because they started something called 'sandwich' courses, in which the company you were working for 'shared' your time' with a college, so that you spent six months training at your job and the next six months at college over a four-year period—at the end of which you got your degree."

Harrison was one of the first people in Great Britain to complete such a course of study, earning a degree in metallurgy at Aston University of Birmingham. Then he went back to the company that had sponsored him, and did very well.

But there were problems.

"Although there has been a big change in England during the last fif-

" . . . we not only achieved those impossible quality standards, we exceeded them. As a result, we now have higher standards for all the things we do!"

teen years, it was then and is still a society in which rank counts," he explains. "I was making inroads—being patted on the head every year, told that I was doing a good job, and given a small raise. But I got the feeling I was just developing a flat head, and not going to make the big step I wanted. So, when an American company recruited me about three years later, I jumped at the chance to come to the United States."

It was while he was with that company, working on a project involving coinage, that he first learned about The Franklin Mint. "And then, one Sunday morning after I came home tired from a fishing trip, I was resting in the backyard when I saw the mint's ad for a technical director in one of the trade publications.

"The headline said: 'A Rare Opportunity For A Rare Bird.' And after I read it I had the feeling there could

have been only one person in all the world to fit the description of what was wanted. Me."

Franklin Mint founder Joseph M. Segel agreed.

"On the day Brian first got here," Segel says, "I knew he was destined for greater things. From the very beginning, he proved his capability and his talent. And he grew with the company, assuming one position of greater responsibility after another.

"I remember especially that he once made a rather startling statement in response to a question about his ultimate goal. At that time, he hadn't yet become a Vice President of the mint. But he said that his long-range goal was to be President of a company doing better than one hundred million dollars in sales—whether it be The Franklin Mint or another firm.

"Way back then, of course, I wasn't certain that The Franklin Mint would ever achieve a hundred million dollars in sales. But Brian obviously had his goal firmly in mind as he played a vital role in helping the mint not only to reach the magic hundred-million sales figure, but to substantially exceed it.

"So now he is President of an even bigger company than he originally envisioned. He well deserves the position. And I am sure he will excel in carrying out his new responsibility, just as he has excelled at every step along the way."

One of the things Harrison excels in is human relations. And among the witnesses to that fact are the people who have worked under his direction over the years—most of whom admit to a loyalty that goes well beyond the ordinary business relationship.

"The thing about Brian," says one of them, "is that no matter how hard he has to drive to get the job done, he'll never ask you to do anything he isn't more than willing to do himself. He's uncompromising in knowing what it is The Franklin Mint wants to achieve, but he never forgets that it's *people* who do the achieving."

Even at the most trying moments of his power, he retains his sense of balance. "I saw him out in the plant and watched him grow, step by step, for five years," says the woman who was his secretary during that time. "He was always very businesslike, and yet — right in the middle of the most difficult situation — he could find something to smile about. And that laugh of his would break the tension and everyone would get back to the job at hand more relaxed."

He's a perfectionist who brings out the best in people. His efficiency and determination rub off, and you really want to please him, because you always feel you are working *with* him, rather than *for* him."

His present secretary concurs. "Because he's so calm, relaxed and steady," she says, "he's a fine motivator of people. He's very down to earth and surrounds himself with people who are the same way. Because he values them not just for their ability but as *individuals*."

"At the same time, he's very determined. And yet, basically, he's always a person who remembers what it was

like when he was a boy riding a bicycle to school. He knows what he's capable of, but he's never self-important about it. And he's a terrible sentimentalist — he feels quite deeply about things."

One of the things he feels most deeply about is the United States. For he is an American citizen by choice — a choice he made "because I've found America to be just the way I expected it to be when I was a boy dreaming about it."

"The prime requirement for success here," he says, "is the willingness to apply yourself and to work hard. If you do that, then whatever the level of your intellectual ability you're free to keep trying until you find something at which you can succeed."

"I think this creates a healthy society — and the kind of wealth from which everyone can benefit. It's not like some other places in the world where there are people who look jealously at those who have things. I'm dead set against equalizing by tearing things down, instead of creating and building them up."

Thriving under that system, the

Harrisons today share a house of quiet beauty not far from The Franklin Mint — a house where beautiful things are treated as a natural part of living.

Both Maureen and I want to be sure that the girls develop a sense of taste and of values along with their intelligence," Harrison says in the soft voice that still carries a hint of a trans-Atlantic accent. "Whether their taste matches ours or not, they are at least being exposed to ours. Which is very important to both of us."

His favorite relaxation is physical activity. "As a matter of fact, I got married on crutches because I broke my leg at rugby football about a month before we were married."

He plays squash and tennis, "though I'm not as good a tennis player as I'd like to be," loves horses — "my girls were the ones who taught me how to ride" — and has a special place in his heart for the sea. "I love being out with the elements, without any kind of mechanical aid. It's a marvelous feeling, peaceful and exhilarating at the same time. And I guess I'm like a lot of other weekend sailors, because someday I would dearly love to try sailing around the world."

Of course, the man has weaknesses too. And he admits to them. "I know what I want and I expect to get it," he says. "When I don't, I suppose I sometimes show a bit of temper. But I do try not to let that happen too often."

"My style of management, you see, doesn't generally lead to confrontation. I'm not authoritarian, and I usually find that people react better when you give them responsibility — and a free hand. Set hard goals and give people a chance to accomplish all they can. That approach has certainly worked well for me."

"As to my other faults —" he says with a grin, "well, it's bloody difficult to talk about yourself in print. So why don't we just leave that discussion where it stands . . ."

Brian Harrison. A man of humor and good taste, dignity and warmth. A man with an international outlook.

Harrison and his younger daughter Stephanie look on as his wife Maureen and daughter Jacqueline play backgammon





Franklin Mint strikes the first 200 Guider gold coin

AS readers of the *Almanac* learned in the December issue, The Franklin Mint has been appointed by the Government of the Netherlands Antilles as official minter to strike its first gold coin—a coin that pays special tribute to America's Bicentennial.


For it was in the Netherlands Antilles—then known as the Dutch West Indies—that the sovereignty

of the United States was first formally recognized 200 years ago. That occurred on the morning of November 16, 1776, when the Dutch Governor of the island of St. Eustatius ordered an 11-gun salute fired to honor America's new flag as it flew from the gaff of the colonial warship *Andrew Doria*.

Last month, in special ceremonies at The Franklin Mint, the Netherlands Antilles Finance Minister, Miguel Pourier, activated a press that struck his government's first gold coin—the 200 Guider Bicentennial Gold Coin. This gold coin—the first to bear the likeness of Queen Juliana of the Netherlands—will be presented to Her Majesty at the Hague this month.

Following the striking of additional presentation coins, Franklin Mint Chairman Charles L. Andes ordered all the coining presses in the mint's Clean Room activated, and the first

day's minting of the 200 Guider Bicentennial Gold Coin began.

After the coining ceremonies, Franklin Mint officers hosted an "American Bicentennial breakfast" for members of the Netherlands Antilles delegation who had come to the mint for the striking. The fare included buckwheat cakes, country ham, corn bread and mulled cider. 



Franklin Mint Board Chairman Charles L. Andes, left in top photo, checks operation of coining press as Netherlands Antilles Finance Minister Miguel Pourier trips switch to strike first 200 Guider gold coin. Below, Andes presents first coin to J.J. Beaujon, Antilles Bicentennial USA Committee Chairman. At right, V.A. Servage, the Director of the Bank of the Netherlands Antilles, admires set of new Antilles coinage presented to him by Franklin Mint President Brian Harrison, right.



Franklin Mint Chairman Andes and President Harrison flank Finance Minister Pourier as he displays set of Netherlands Antilles 200 Guider gold coin and 25 Guider sterling silver coin. In bottom photo, Andes addresses breakfast guests following first striking of the 200 Guider Netherlands Antilles gold coin.



The Collector's Forum

"Dear Major Mosley . . ."

Franklin Mint Compliance Director receives heartwarming "thank you" notes for his part in American Education Week

When Franklin Mint Vice President of Collector Relations Bill Krieg received a letter from the Roselle, New Jersey, school system requesting the mint's participation in its American Education Week program, he immediately knew the man for the job.

Clarence Mosley, the mint's Director of Compliance, was not only an active member of The Franklin Mint's Speakers' Bureau, but he was also the ideal man to motivate school children, because of his own record of performance. For not only is Mosley a retired Army major who holds several decorations and citations for bravery, he also is a graduate of Roselle's Abraham Clark High School. A three-letter man in sports, Mosley had been voted the Roselle student "most likely to succeed."

And so, Mosley set out on a week-long speaking tour of the Roselle school system. He made nine presentations in six schools during American Education Week—showing The Franklin Mint's film *Of Art and Minting*, talking about the rewards of study, hard work and good grades, and talking about the company that has reaped

the rewards of Mosley's own early determination to do his best in school.

The letters reprinted on this page clearly testify to the success of Mosley's trip. They were written by fifth grade pupils of Roselle's Lincoln School, whose teacher, Mrs. Doris Eubank is an old classmate and friend of Clarence Mosley.

(Editor's Note: These letters have not been edited. They are reproduced exactly as they were written by the fifth grade pupils of Lincoln School.)

Dear Major Mosley,

I thank you for the film, and I hope you are fine. One day I would like to come to the Franklin Mint. I thank you for showing the coins to us. I hope you will come back some day to see us. And I like the way you said your speech.

Very truly yours,
Lynette

Dear Major Mosley,

I enjoyed your program about the coins. Thank you for coming to show a movie to the classes. I wish I can come to see how they make those coins. Mrs. Eubanks and Mrs. Jones enjoyed the film too. We wish you can come again.

Very truly yours,
Thelma

Dear Major Mosley,

Thank you for telling us about the Franklin Mint and the movie to help us understand more and more. We hope we can come to visit your company some day. I hope very soon in fact. I'm glad you came from Lincoln School and Abraham Clark High School.

Very truly yours,
Andre

Dear Major Mosley,

How are you? I appreciate you making those coins. I enjoyed the film that you showed us. I wish we would come to your company some day. I wish you would come again. I'm glad you used to go with Mrs. Eubanks, because she is a nice lady.

Most sincerely,
Cheryl

Dear Major Mosley,

I enjoyed your visit to Lincoln School. I liked the story that you told us about the time you were in Lincoln School and the time that you were in the Army. I like the coins that you put on the table. I liked the movie that you showed us. I hope you visit our school again some day.

Sincerely yours,
Rene

Fascinating account

Give me liberty to express my appreciation for the many fascinating historical articles published in *The Franklin Mint Almanac*. For example, your account of "Eleven guns for the Grand Union" in the December issue could have been subtitled "Why I Am a Collector"—borrowed from the title of the article on the facing page.

The events which culminated in the American Revolutionary victory at Yorktown deserve such illumination during our U.S. Bicentennial celebration. The thirteen-gun salute fired by the *Andrew Doria*, anchored off St. Eustatius on "that bright, blue sunlit morning" of November 16, 1776, was indeed the "second shot heard around the world"—echoing with a certain destiny for free men.

The 200-Guilder Bicentennial Gold Coin is a gem, a tribute linking the initial act of foreign recognition of American independence, through official courtesy, to



The fifth graders at Lincoln School, Roselle, New Jersey pose for their class picture

follow-on events that changed the course of history.

Every youthful numismatic student/collector should become aware of such retrospective capsules of our history.

J.C.S. / Washington, D.C.

We thank you for your nice words, and we agree with your sentiments. We fully intend to continue with such articles relating to America's beginnings as a free nation, as evidenced by the story on Thomas Jefferson, beginning on page 16 of this issue.

More on "Morgenlich"

To be right and still be wrong is a deplorable situation to be in.

"Morgenlich" right or wrong?" found you back in your research library. Perhaps you should not have left.

As taken from "The Authentic Librettos of Wagner Operas," Crown Publisher, New York 1938, Walter's (the Meister Singer) prize song starts as follows:

"Morgenlich leuchtend im resigen Schein, von Blüth' und Duft geschwellt die Luft . . ."

As you can see, your spelling is right on one word, wrong on two words.

Sorry you slipped.

R.P.L. / Arkansas

Götterdämmerung! Have we goofed again?

Good Member R.P.L. out in Arkansas quotes Crown Publishers, while the Almanac consulted G. Schirmer, Inc., for the correct German spelling of this now-disputed passage from Wagner's famed opera "Die Meistersinger." (See The Collector's Forum in the Almanac, Volume 6, Number 11 of November 1975, page 15, for the origin of this tempest in a kettle drum.)

Ever in pursuit of truth, the Almanac next turned to the Falvey Memorial Library of Villanova University, from which we have obtained a copy of "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg. Oper in drei Acten, von Richard Wagner," printed in Mainz, Germany, by B. Schott's Söhne.

We have photographed, and reproduce below, the passage as it appears in the Schott text.

WALTHER

(der kühn und fest auf den Blumenbügel getreten).

„Morgenlich leuchtend in rosigem Schein,
von Blüth' und Duft
geschwellt die Luft,

The dumpling, Herr L., is in your court.

Still putt-putting along

(Editor's Note: The story about Henry Ford's most famous car, "The Magnificent Model T," which appeared in the November 1975, issue of the Almanac, brought a number of comments from Society Members with vivid memories. Excerpted below are a few of those comments.)



. . . thought you might enjoy the enclosed photograph of the Ford car that my husband bought in Plains, Kansas, back in July of 1910. I think it was a 1907 model. (The writer is correct. The car pictured above is, indeed, a 1907 Ford Model R Runabout.)

My husband and I drove this car over the old Sante Fe Trail — meeting the first transcontinental auto race on the way — on our journey to Sapulpa, Oklahoma, where my husband had a job and a house waiting.

It took a whole day just to polish the brass on that car.

Mrs. B.F.K. / Oklahoma

I was intrigued by the article, "The Magnificent Model T," in your November Almanac, having owned a Tin Lizzie in its heyday. However, the author of the article obviously did not own a Model T, as I noticed a few inaccuracies.

First, the hand lever was not pulled back when you started up . . . you had already done that the last time you parked the car. (True, unless, you had forgotten to do so, or it had slipped in the meantime. We'd check it.)

Second, in cranking the engine, the important thing was to make sure the thumb was on the same side of the handle as the fingers and not opposed, as is natural. If you gripped the handle and the engine backfired, you could end up with a broken thumb. (True, but — if you inserted the crank

with the handle up and pushed down, instead of the reverse, you could end up with a broken arm.)

Third, no mention was made of the choke wire, which extended through the radiator and was pulled out in cold weather to enrich the gas mixture. (True, but then nobody's perfect.)

Fourth, the marvelous planetary transmission is ignored . . . (See above comment.)

There never was, and there never will be, another car like the Model T. (Amen.)

G.L. / New York

. . . was delighted with your article about the Model T. It was the first car I ever drove . . . paid \$25 for it in perfect running condition. Later, I traded to a fellow for a slightly better one . . . gave him my car and \$15.

You're right, the Model T was tough to start in cold weather. You sometimes had to crank for 30 minutes . . . a real test of patience, endurance and fortitude. But you forgot to mention the choke wire . . . (We know, we know.)

The gas tank, if I remember right, was not under the driver's seat, but on top of the engine in front of the windshield . . . incidentally, gas then was only 11-cents a gallon. (Are you sure you didn't own a Model A? That was the model with the gas tank up front.)

My congratulations on a fine article and the memories it brought back.

E.T. / Maryland

The woods are full of them

I enjoyed the article on sculptor Charles Ross in the December issue of the Almanac, but felt that I must make mention of what seems to be a glaring error in the caption on page 26.

No doubt others will note, too, that even in Bucks County, woods have never consisted of standing corn stalks.

My long previous neglect in writing concerning the Almanac does not indicate any disapproval. It is very interesting and well done.

J.H.A. / Colorado

The fact is, Charlie Ross was striding through a corn field on the way to a woods near his home when he was snapped by an impatient photographer. Still, that does not excuse the caption writer. Touché.

*A Bicentennial tribute to the great American patriot
who drafted the Declaration of Independence*



The Genius of Thomas Jefferson

*Proof Sets in 24 karat gold on sterling silver
are reserved exclusively for Collectors Society Members*

TWO hundred years ago, a young Virginia lawyer named Thomas Jefferson wrote a document that set forth the principles of human rights and human dignity so clearly and so forcefully that it has become a basic statement of liberty for all mankind — America's *Declaration of Independence*.

Now, in this Bicentennial year of American independence, it is most fitting that his countrymen should honor the man who wrote this great document — and who accomplished so much else of lasting significance during his lifetime. And so it is that The Franklin Mint is about to issue a unique medallic tribute to *The Genius of Thomas Jefferson*.

This will be the *first* comprehensive collection of commemorative medals ever issued to honor Thomas Jefferson's entire lifetime of achievement.

The First Edition of this historic collection, moreover, will be a strictly limited *Proof Edition*, in 24 karat

gold electroplate on sterling silver. This edition has been reserved *exclusively* for Members of The Franklin Mint Collectors Society, with a firm limit of one Proof Set per Member. And the total number of Proof Sets will be *permanently limited* to the exact number of Members who enter their subscriptions postmarked by the February 29, 1976 deadline.

Because of the historical importance of this collection, there may be a later edition of *The Genius of Thomas Jefferson*. But this First Edition will be the *only* Proof Edition to be issued in gold on sterling silver. And it is reserved solely for Collectors Society Members.

There will be twelve finely sculptured medals in the collection, each measuring 39mm (1½-inches) in diameter. And each one will focus on a major facet of Jefferson's many-sided career.

As a collection, therefore, these medals will recapture — in the permanence of gold on sterling silver —

the full range of the achievements of this brilliant American, who was one of the most versatile men who ever lived.

Indeed, few men in any country have been outstanding in so many fields as Thomas Jefferson. For Jefferson was a *lawyer*, an *architect*, a *planter* and an *inventor*. He was a great American *patriot*. An *educator*, a *scientist* and a *scholar*. A *statesman* and a *diplomat*.

As the President who sent Lewis and Clark out to explore the new American West, he was also a great *pioneer*. And he was a gifted and prolific *author* whose accounts, treatises, journals and major works probed such diverse subjects as the philosophy of government, theology, architecture, parliamentary procedure, and astronomy. His principal work was, of course, America's Declaration of Independence.

So varied, in fact, were Jefferson's accomplishments—and so vital to his country—that the medals will also evoke some of the most dramatic moments in America's early history. Major events leading up to and during the American Revolution: Jefferson's work with Patrick Henry in rousing the spirit of independence in Virginia . . . his drafting of the Declaration of Independence. And the historic events that followed: Jefferson's election as President . . . the completion of his "Louisiana Purchase" . . . the launching of the Lewis and Clark Expedition . . . and his founding of the University of Virginia.

Each Collectors Society Member who subscribes to *The Genius of Thomas Jefferson* will receive one gold on sterling silver Proof medal each month for twelve

months, beginning in March 1976. A custom-designed collector's album also will be provided with each subscription. And each medal will be accompanied by an informative commentary describing the achievements portrayed on the medal.


Furthermore, the original issue price for each gold on sterling silver Proof medal will be *guaranteed to each subscriber* for the entire series.

As a lasting tribute to the patriot who wrote our country's Declaration of Independence, as a commemorative of one of the greatest men to affect the course of American history, and as a Bicentennial issue of great rarity, this will be a collection well

Subscription Deadline: February 29, 1976

Limit: One Proof Set Per Member

worth owning. A true American heirloom—to be valued for its historic significance now, and passed along with pride to our children and grandchildren.

Collectors Society Members are reminded that they are the *only* persons being given the opportunity to acquire a First Edition Proof Set of *The Genius of Thomas Jefferson*. If you would like to do so, you may enter your subscription on the special application inserted here. But remember: There is a firm limit of one gold on sterling silver Proof Set per Member—and your subscription application *must be postmarked by February 29, 1976*, to be accepted. 



*The God who gave us life,
gave us liberty at the same time . . .*

Thomas Jefferson of Virginia

He was America's own man for all seasons

WHEN John Adams, the second President of the United States, died at the age of 90 at his home in Braintree (now Quincy), Massachusetts — on July 4, 1826 — his last words were:

"Thomas Jefferson still survives."

Ironically, Adams was wrong. For earlier on that very same day — which was, remarkably, the 50th anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence — Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration and third President of the United States, died at the age of 83 at his home, Monticello, in Virginia.

And yet, in a larger sense, Adams was prophetically correct. For it is the spirit, as well as the writings and philosophy, of Thomas Jefferson — more so than those of our other Founding Fathers — that remain most vibrantly alive for us today.

The written record of Thomas Jefferson's public life is voluminous. In addition to the many official documents, there is a huge collection of personal papers. (Jefferson was an inveterate letter-writer who corresponded constantly with the great and near-great of his time.) And few, if any, Americans have had more biographers. Still, Jefferson's private life remains, even today, an essentially personal affair.

What sort of man was Thomas Jefferson? We know him as the tall and loose-jointed, handsome, sandy-haired youth who came down from the red clay hills of Virginia's Piedmont Plateau to become one of America's most



A bust of Jefferson by the French sculptor Jean Antoine Houdon, now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts

eloquent champions of independence; who was a dominant, yet always reluctant, national leader for more than half a century, and who was one of the greatest political philosophers of all time.

Although an ardent patriot, Jefferson nonetheless tried without success to shun the many honors and offices his country all but thrust upon him. A native genius, he crowded more than a dozen careers into a long, yet remarkably unhurried life. A passionate defender of individual freedom and the rights of others — he stubbornly claimed, and cherished for himself, the right to personal privacy.

And so, ironically, although it is possible to chronicle Jefferson's life,

it is almost impossible to *know* the man. Even so, the account of that public life — as reflected in the timeless words written by and about him during and after his lifetime — forms a record of national service unsurpassed in American history.

Jefferson was born on April 13, 1743, in Albemarle County, the third of ten children of a self-made, moderately wealthy farmer, who was also a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, Peter Jefferson. The boy's mother was a Randolph, a member of one of the oldest and most aristocratic of Virginia's "Tidewater" families. And, although Thomas Jefferson would come to admire and support the aspirations of his father's "class" rather than his mother's, he *did* believe in an aristocracy — but one "of virtue and talent" — rather than an aristocracy of inherited wealth or title. And, in that sense, this fiery advocate of republican government became and remained an aristocrat all his life.

But, Jefferson's father, who had schooled the lad well in the ways of the woodsman and farmer, not to mention reading, writing, music and "keeping accounts," died when the lad was only fourteen. As the oldest son, and under the terms of Virginia law, the youngster then inherited his father's 2,500 acre farm — and his not inconsiderable debts, along with it.

(It is noteworthy that, in later years, Jefferson himself would be instrumental in abolishing this *law of primogeniture* which tended to keep in-

tact Virginia's huge private landholdings. Yet this was the pattern of the man's life: never to consider his own self-interest ahead of the common good. And so, although he was a leading figure in American life for 50 years, he became rich in everything except money—and died almost penniless.)

At sixteen, Jefferson entered the College of William and Mary at Williamsburg, then the provincial capital and cultural center of Virginia. There, his good looks, easy charm and facile mind quickly opened the doors to the highest levels of colonial society. And, despite a trace of shyness that inhibited him as a public speaker, Jefferson continued to move easily and gracefully with both kings and common men throughout his public career.

An excellent student, Jefferson finished college in two years and began to "read the law" with Judge George Wythe, one of the most learned jurists in America. And it was while studying with Judge Wythe that Jefferson met, and fell under the spell of, the fervent young patriot Patrick Henry—an encounter that did much to shape Jefferson's future role in America's fight for freedom.

By the time he was admitted to the Virginia Bar in 1767, Jefferson had become a man who, in the words of one biographer, could calculate an eclipse, survey an estate, tie an artery, plan an edifice, try a cause, break a horse, dance a minuet and play the violin.

In 1772, Jefferson married a wealthy widow, Martha Wayles Skelton of Richmond, and returned with her to Monticello—"the little mountain"—the home he had designed and begun to build on a hill overlooking the house in which he had been born. Had he been allowed to do so, Jefferson would have been content—indeed, he actually yearned—to remain a country lawyer and gentleman planter.

"I had rather be shut up . . . with my books, my family and a few old

friends . . . than to occupy the most splendid post which any human power can give," he wrote.

But destiny and his country would not have it so.

In 1769, Jefferson gained election to the Virginia legislature—the House of Burgesses—where he joined with Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee and Francis Lightfoot Lee in protesting England's continued abuse of the American colonies. Jefferson remained a member of the Virginia House until 1774 when he was elected a delegate to the Virginia Convention. Illness prevented him from attending this first convention but a paper he

submitted for its consideration, *A Summary View of the Rights of British America*, made a deep—and apparently lasting—impression on the leaders of colonial America.

For in the Spring of 1776, the Second Continental Congress, to which Jefferson had also been elected, called upon the 33-year-old Virginian to help draw up an American declaration of independence. Fighting against British troops had broken out the year before in Massachusetts. And on June 7, 1776, Congress had adopted a resolution of Jefferson's fellow Virginian, Richard Henry Lee, stating that "these United Colonies are, and of right



Painting by colonial artist J.L.G. Ferris portrays Benjamin Franklin reading draft of Thomas Jefferson's Declaration of Independence with John Adams, center, looking on. The painting is housed in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C.

ought to be, free and independent States." America was at war with England.

But something more was needed. A declaration of the reasons that had impelled America to sever its ties and take up arms against its mother country. And this was the task that fell to a committee of Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Robert Livingston and Robert Sherman.

But the document that emerged from that committee, America's Declaration of Independence, was essentially the work of one man: Thomas Jefferson. As Richard Lee was to say: "the Thing in its nature is so good that no cookery can spoil the dish for the palates of freemen."

In that Declaration, Jefferson wrote, in part: "We hold these Truths to be self-evident, that all Men are created equal . . ." The Declaration, in its whole, is so sublime, so majestically reasoned and, yet, so eloquent in its fundamental wisdom, that any man could rest an entire lifetime on its accomplishment. But Jefferson's service to his country, even from his high point, was just beginning.

He would go on to become America's second Minister to France, "suc-

ceeding," as he put it, rather than "replacing" the irreplaceable Benjamin Franklin. He then became America's first Secretary of State. He served twice as Governor of his beloved Virginia. He was elected Vice President under his sometimes quarrelsome friend, John Adams. And, finally, he was chosen — and reelected — President of the United States. Indeed, he could have had a third term for the asking. But, like Washington before him, he declined it. And, just before leaving the highest office in the gift of his countrymen, Jefferson wrote:

"Never did a prisoner released from his chains feel such relief as I shall on shaking off the shackles of power."

Jefferson, of course, accomplished much more in his remarkable lifetime. For he was one of the leading American architects of his time; an ingenious inventor; a pioneer of scientific farming; the sponsor of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, and the only President of the United States ever to *double* the size of America in a single stroke — through the Louisiana Purchase.

And yet, on his tombstone, he asked to be remembered for only three

things: As author of the Declaration of Independence, for drafting the Virginia statute on religious freedom, and as founder of the University of Virginia.

In 1800, in the year of his election to his first term as President, Jefferson had written — in a letter to Dr. Benjamin Rush — the words by which he lived. They remain today, inscribed on the Jefferson Memorial in Washington, D.C., as a living testimonial to the American spirit of liberty.

"I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

The advancing years did nothing to bank the fires of freedom that burned in the breast of Thomas Jefferson. For that passion remains evident in his last known writing, a note penned on June 24, 1826, less than two weeks before his death. Poor health had forced Jefferson to decline an invitation to attend ceremonies marking the 50th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Instead, he wrote a message to be read on that occasion:

"May it (the Declaration) be . . . the signal to arousing men to burst (their) chains," he wrote: "The mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few, booted and spurred, ready to ride them . . . by the Grace of God."

Hardly the words of a man ready to give up the good fight!

One of the greatest tributes to *The Genius of Thomas Jefferson* came some 136 years after his death when, on April 29, 1962, President John Fitzgerald Kennedy entertained a group of Nobel Prize winners at a White House dinner. On that occasion, he remarked to his guests: "I think this is the most extraordinary collection of talent, of human knowledge, that has ever gathered together at the White House — with the possible exception of when Thomas Jefferson dined alone."

A lovely sentiment. But, in the end, John Adams said it best:

"Thomas Jefferson still survives." 

"Monticello," the Virginia home Thomas Jefferson designed for himself.



Collectors Society Newsletter

A MONTHLY REPORT TO FRANKLIN MINT COLLECTORS SOCIETY MEMBERS

THE BICENTENNIAL NOTEBOOK

When Philadelphia bricklayer Jacob Graff built a brand new house for his young family in the Summer of 1775, he could not have foreseen the significant role his new home would play — barely a year later — in the history of American independence.

But it did — and here's how it happened:

During the early spring of 1776, political unrest was growing throughout the American colonies from New England to Georgia. Relations between England and America continued to worsen daily, and so the Second Continental Congress was called to reconvene at the Pennsylvania State House in Philadelphia, then the largest and most important city in America.

As representatives from the thirteen colonies began to stream into the crowded city, they tried to find lodgings in the inns and taverns. But most of those were already filled to overflowing. And so those who could not book public rooms turned to the citizens of Philadelphia, many of whom had found it profitable to rent out the extra rooms in their homes.

One of the delegates who sought such private quarters was Thomas Jefferson of Virginia.

Jefferson applied at the red brick home of Jacob Graff on High Street, in what was then known as "The Fields — just outside the center of the city. Graff, favorably

impressed with the appearance of the tall southerner, offered to rent him two second-floor rooms for thirty-five shillings a week. Jefferson agreed to these terms and moved in on May 23, 1776.

It was in one of those rooms — the second floor parlor of the Jacob Graff House — that Thomas Jefferson wrote our country's Declaration of Independence.

And now, by act of the United States Congress, this historic landmark has been reconstructed on its original site — now Seventh and Market Streets — just two blocks north of Independence Hall.

Because the original structure was completely demolished in 1883 — except for two stone window lintels — Graff House had to be *completely* rebuilt. Luckily, a fire insurance survey, a few photographs and some archaeological evidence *has* survived, and aided in the authentic restoration of Graff House. Moreover, Jefferson's written recollections of his three-month stay there provided invaluable help in its reconstruction.

Today, visitors to Graff House enter through a rear courtyard — a traditional layout for Philadelphia homes during the 18th century — and are greeted by a display of exhibits portraying the political climate of Jefferson's era.

In a new two-story wing adjoining the original house, a five-minute film, shown in a modern, multi-tiered theatre, depicts Jefferson — the man and his life — during

the time he drafted the Declaration of Independence at Graff House.

On the second floor of the rebuilt house, Jefferson's restored parlor and bedroom can be seen. On display are two especially handsome reproductions of Jefferson's possessions — both of which he invented. One is a swivel chair, which stands before a large gateleg table. The other is a uniquely designed lap desk.

Finally, before leaving Graff House, visitors pass through the Fourth of July room — an exciting display devoted to the celebration of our nation's independence.

Graff House is located at Seventh and Market Streets, just on the edge of Philadelphia's restored Society Hill area. It's open seven days a week, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission is free. And it's a natural stopping-off point for the Bicentennial visitor retracing America's pathway to independence.

Come and see it yourself, in this American Bicentennial year.

Report on a soggy ceremony

The fates were not entirely kind in Philadelphia on New Year's Eve.

As you will remember, we went out on a limb in the January *Almanac* and reported the events surrounding the moving of the Liberty Bell last New Year's Eve — *before* they happened.

Well, the Liberty Bell *did* move that evening — without harm and with all the dignity it deserved — into its new pavilion on Philadelphia's Independence Mall. Thousands of people *did* turn out to see the spotlighted doors of Independence Hall open at midnight. They *did* see the Liberty Bell wheeled out of the doors by workmen on its special platform. They saw all of that — just as planned and just as reported.

But, unfortunately, it rained . . . and it rained . . . and then, it rained even *harder*.

In fact, it rained so hard that the cables of the network television cameras began to short-out and the planned live coverage was disappointingly sketchy. And it rained so hard that the coverage the cameramen did get was, for the most part, obstructed by a sea of spectators' umbrellas. And it rained so hard that the spectators, obviously very enthusiastic and moved by the occasion, were also just as obviously "drenched" by the unrelentless downpour.

Yes, the fates were unkind in some respects on New Year's Eve. But most importantly the Liberty Bell is now safely housed in its new pavilion. And for that we are very thankful.



The reconstructed Graff House, where Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence.



Jim Raslavsky, dedicated oarsman...

JIM Raslavsky, a supervisor of pewter sculpture production at The Franklin Mint, starts his workday earlier than most of his co-workers — and for a very good reason.

Because, by the time Jim reports to the mint at 7:45 a.m. every weekday, he has already spent at least an hour on the chilly waters of Philadelphia's Schuylkill River — practicing for his opportunity to earn a place on the 1976 United States Olympic Team.

Jim Raslavsky is an oarsman — a world class, "heavyweight elite" single sculler — with a single-minded, deep-seated dedication to the sport of rowing. And it is this dedication that has brought him to the threshold of the 1976 Olympics. As one of the finest scullers in America, he will try out for the U.S. Olympic Rowing Team, during trials to be held this June on Carnegie Lake near Princeton, New Jersey.

But one does not earn the right to represent his country in the Olympics without sacrifices that, for Jim Raslavsky, have meant long months of training to push his body and his will to the absolute limits of human endurance. And so, Jim gets up at 4:30 a.m. every morning during rowing season — from May through November — and drives from his home in suburban Philadelphia to the Undine Barge Club on the Schuylkill

There — before dawn and sometimes in near-freezing weather — he launches his 27-foot long, 34-pound single shell into the often choppy

World class oarsman Jim Raslavsky works out on Philadelphia's Schuylkill River.

river waters and begins his practice session. It is a lonely time as he pulls his fragile boat through the water with long, smooth strokes. A time for perfecting techniques, for building stamina — and for battling pain.

An hour later, Jim leaves the river, showers, dresses and drives to the mint — some 16 miles away — to begin his regular working day. There his busy and demanding day as supervisor of The Franklin Mint's pewter sculpture operations ends at 4:30 p.m. — after which he drives *back* to the Undine Barge Club for another hour or two of sculling before finally calling it quits for the day. This *second* workout, by the way, is conducted under the supervision of Jim Barker, one of America's top sculling coaches.

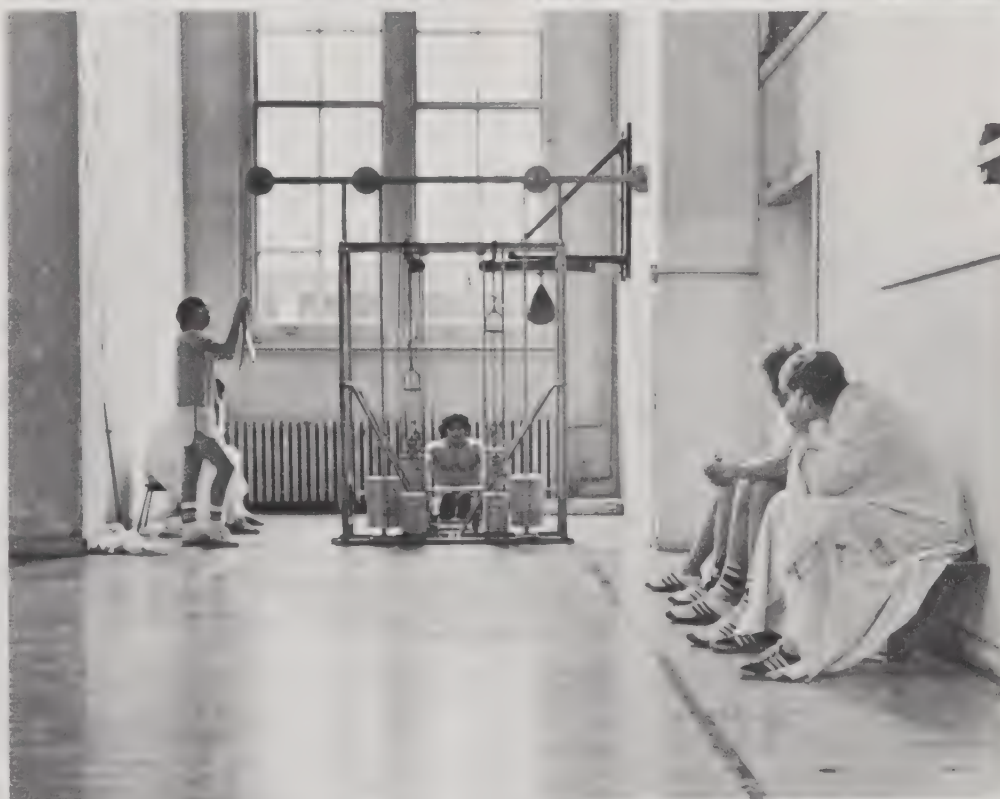
With this kind of a schedule, one might assume that during the off-season — from November to May — Jim would take a break from his exhausting regime. Not so.

In the off-season, Jim *runs* — from four to six miles each morning — through the gently rolling hills of Philadelphia's Fairmount Park. This regime is varied every day or so with "hill work." Hill work? Jim explains with a broad smile on his ruggedly handsome face: "It's simple. You just look for the highest, steepest hill you can find — and then run up it as fast as you can. And then you run down it as fast as you can. And then up, and then down — about five or six times — until your legs just won't carry you any further."

Simple? For some people, perhaps.

Well, at least Jim has his evenings and weekends free during the off-season. Again, not so.

Evenings and weekends find him at the Philadelphia Athletic Club — a training center for Philadelphia area oarsmen and a club whose still youthful-looking president is Jack Kelly Jr., the 1956 Olympic single sculls bronze medal winner. There, under the watchful eye of his weightlifting coach, Al Nino — the club's director — Jim lifts a total of up to



Jim tests his endurance against the "monster" at Philadelphia Athletic Club, above left, while his fellow scullers, below, quietly urge him on. At top right, he runs six miles through a chilly dawn.

70,000 pounds during his workout.

Then, as a few of his fellow scullers look on, he takes his turn at the rowing machine. This is not the rather simple device found in many gymnasiums and health clubs but, rather, a huge contraption of metal pipes, pulleys, cables and weights that can simulate the immense physical strain of a 2000-meter sculling race. It is, to put

it gently, a mind-numbing, spirit-crushing monster.

As Jim sits before it and grasps the rowing bar, his face becomes a mask of intense concentration. And then, with the very first stroke, every muscle takes up the tension; every movement becomes part of a powerful, controlled rhythm. After some 40 strokes, Jim's face is contorted in the

remains of a man in severe pain. The veins of his neck and temples begin to throb, and beads of perspiration break out on his forehead.

As he continues, his friends begin talking to him—quietly. They sit wrapped in sheets and towels, then own turns on the “monster” finished. They know what Jim’s body and mind are going through. They call him by name—urging him on.

He has passed 100 strokes.

Come on, Jim. You can do it. Keep pulling.

Hev, Jim, there’s a Russian rower hurting somewhere, too. He’s still going strong. Come on, keep that back straight.

Jim does not stop. He goes on. Past 200 strokes. Past 300. His eyes, by now, are glazed. His mouth open, gulping for air. His body glistening

with sweat, his muscles beginning to cramp. The “monster” takes its toll.

Finally, after 350 strokes—equivalent to 2000 meters, one-and-a-quarter miles—Jim drops the bar and gets slowly to his feet. His body is trembling with fatigue as he walks to the far end of the gymnasium—without a word to anyone.

Why does Jim do it? Why do any of them do it? Is an Olympic gold medal worth it?

Is the pain and agony worth it? Yes,” says his rowing coach, Jim Barker. “Men like Jim—world class scullers—are super athletes. God has given them magnificent bodies. They are much stronger than, say, track men or swimmers, and they are determined to test their bodies to the limits of human strength; to the limits of the human will.

Are the Olympics worth it? I just don’t know. But for them? Yes, I guess so.”

In his easy, soft-spoken way, Jim Raslavsky talks about the punishing routine that has become a way of life for him. At 29, he has been rowing since his high school days at St. John’s in Shrewsbury, Massachusetts. A natural athlete, whose 190 pounds are spread over a six-foot, one-inch frame, he could have starred in any sport.

My father was a super athlete who excelled in half a dozen sports, both in high school and college. One that he never tried, however, was crew, because the schools he attended just didn’t have rowing teams. So when my father encouraged me in sports, I began to look around for a new challenge. I found it in sculling.”

Jim's long day ends on the Schuylkill as a pale sun dips low in the Winter sky



Interestingly, the college Jim attended didn't have a rowing team — until he got there. So, in his freshman year at Worcester Polytechnic Institute in Massachusetts, Jim *started* a team. And four years later, his eight-oared crew *won* the New England Small College Championship!

But that was only the beginning of Jim's rowing career. In 1968, he tried-out for the U.S. Olympics in Long Beach, California, but lost out in the quarter finals. During the summer and fall of 1975 he took first place in the Middle States Regatta in Philadelphia and first place in the Head of the Connecticut Regatta in Middletown, Connecticut. Then, rowing against the top representatives of the Pan-American team, Jim came in third in the Head of the Charles Regatta in Boston, Massachusetts. Later in the fall, competing against the top scullers in the United States, he took fifth place in the national Frostbite Regatta in Philadelphia.

Jim explains the reasons behind his vigorous daily workouts — workouts that have slowed his normal pulse rate to a phenomenal 42 beats per minute — this way:

"Sculling is the single most exhausting sport there is. In a 2000-meter race — which a good sculler can cover in a little over seven minutes — you burn up more energy than a pro football player uses in a 60-minute game. And that's why we work so hard to build up our heart and lung capacity.

"In short bursts, you can get along with muscle strength alone. But in a 2000-meter boat race, you've got to keep those muscles supplied with oxygen, or they'll just stop working. So you need a powerful, slow-beating heart and oversized lungs. And, even with them, when you get down to the last 200 meters in a close race, your muscles are really screaming. But you just have to ignore the pain.

"It's the man who can stand the pain the longest who will win the Olympics."

Jim Raslavsky, dedicated craftsman



The sense of dedication that drives Jim Raslavsky in his relentless pursuit of an Olympic gold medal is so much a part of his character — so ingrained in his personality — that he could not be otherwise. And so he is willing to pay the price demanded — in torment of body and agony of spirit. Call it the desire to excel. Call it the will to win.

And that same determination and striving for perfection is apparent in Jim's work at The Franklin Mint where he is intimately involved — on a day-to-day basis — with the creation of superbly sculptured pewter figures. This transition from athletics to art may strike some people as incongruous. But not Jim Raslavsky.

"Look," says Jim, "I think that *whatever* a man does, whatever he turns his hand to, he's got to do the best way he knows how. Otherwise,

how could he live with himself?

"I just happen to like rowing, and I happen to be good at it. I also like what I'm doing at the mint, and I think I'm good at that, too. And if I didn't think so, I wouldn't be rowing, and I wouldn't be here. Either I go all the way, or not at all. I guess that's just the way my folks brought me up."

There is one clear difference, however, between Jim Raslavsky the oarsman and Jim Raslavsky the craftsman. For, in his fragile shell on the waters of a rowing course, Jim is a loner — one man locked in a race against time and fatigue. But at The Franklin Mint, he is a member of a team — a team of dedicated men and women whose goal is the achievement of perfection in art.

And his part in attaining that goal is a vital part — and one in which he takes no small measure of pride.

"Maybe not as much pride as I'd have in making the U.S. Olympic Team," he admits, "but certainly a pride that's renewed every day I come in to work."

Jim spends his Franklin Mint workday in a large, screened-off area at the far end of one building at The Franklin Mint. There, some of the finest craftsmen in the world are involved — as a team — in the creation of pewter sculptures, using many techniques that are as old as art itself, and others that are as modern as today.

And Jim, working under Frank Ostopovicz — the man who pioneered pewter craftsmanship at the mint — is a supervisor of that team.

He is particularly well-suited for the job. For Jim Raslavsky understands the special *qualities* of pewter that make working with it so rewarding for the craftsman — as well as the special *appeal* of pewter sculptures that make them so satisfying to the Franklin Mint collector.

"For the collector," Jim says, "pewter has a feeling of warmth that makes it as pleasant to the touch as its soft patina is pleasing to the eye. For the craftsman, pewter lends itself

...ably in the translation of the sculptor's model into the finished art."

Jim also understands that the creation of pewter sculptures has always relied on perfect teamwork between the artist and the craftsman—the one to provide the working model and the other to produce the finished sculpture. For it is the skill of the craftsman in translating the artist's vision into pewter that finally gives birth to works of art of lasting beauty and value.

"That's been true," says Jim, "since the Chinese first began creating metal statues more than 6,000 years ago!"

Thus, the creation of pewter sculptures at The Franklin Mint begins long before it becomes the responsibility of Jim Raslavsky and the craftsmen working with him. It starts with a lengthy meeting between the sculptor, a senior metallurgist, a trained researcher, and the program director in charge of the project.

The sculptor creates the working model and remains in artistic control

until the completed sculpture is ready to be shipped to the collector. The metallurgist looks at the working model very technically, for it is his job to insure that the model can, in fact, be effectively translated in pewter.

The researcher's task is to verify the authenticity of every detail of each sculpture. And the program director is also an expert—a kind of collector's "ombudsman" who is ultimately responsible for blending all of these elements together to bring the collector the very best pewter sculpture possible.

Only after the sculptor, researcher, metallurgist and program director are satisfied with every aspect of the working model is it finally turned over to the mint's pewter craftsmen for translation into the final sculpture. And this transition from artist's concept to finished sculpture involves many precise, painstaking steps—steps that require the utmost patience and skill.

"What we have to do," Jim ex-

plains, "is transform the artist's model from one medium to another through a series of complicated stages. Some of these techniques date back to the very beginnings of metal sculpture and others were developed right here at the mint."

Even after the sculptor's model has been transformed into the metal sculpture, however, the work of the pewter craftsmen is not ended. For now the delicate finishing touches must be added—and these must be applied by hand.

"I'm not sure that all of our collectors realize just how much handwork is involved in the creation of the pewter sculptures," Jim says. "First, of course, there is the work of the sculptor. His hands take an artistic concept and mold it into a three-dimensional work of art. And that takes creative genius."

"But after the model of the sculpture is completed, it becomes the work of the craftsman. For his hands, working patiently and carefully, must then make certain that the artist's concept is faithfully carried out—that any tiny flaw is erased and every line is exact—that, in fact, the sculpture is a *finished* work of art. And that takes dedicated craftsmanship."

"This is challenging work," Jim adds, "but it's also very satisfying work. And what pleases me most—what's so personally rewarding—is the fact that we're working in a tradition as old as art itself."

"When I look around and watch our pewter craftsmen working here at the mint, I sometimes think of how it must have been in the great sculptors' studios during the Renaissance. They certainly didn't have the modern equipment we have, but they created their sculptures in very much the same way as we create pewter sculptures here today at the mint."

"And that's one of the things that makes our work so worthwhile."

Jim Raslavsky is a dedicated oarsman . . . and Jim Raslavsky is a dedicated craftsman.



Jim Raslavsky is joined by Frank Oliverson as he checks a pewter sculpture at The Franklin Mint.

Your Franklin Mint Representatives' Datebook

Your FM Representatives' Datebook

Following are meetings and other events at which Franklin Mint Representatives will appear during February and March. Representatives are available to coin clubs and service organizations for speaking engagements. However, because of the demands on their time, they cannot travel long distances unless they have several meetings in the same area. Members wishing to discuss representatives' engagements should call Mrs. Kathleen Miller at (215) 459-6120 for further details. Members who wish to attend particular meetings and require additional information should write to Collector Relations, The Franklin Mint, Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091.

February 14-15

Glenn Gundelfinger and Virginia Culver
Albuquerque Coin Show
Convention Center
Albuquerque, New Mexico

February 14-15

Dan Harley
15th Annual Coinival
Fountainbleau Hotel
Tulane at Carrollton Streets
New Orleans, Louisiana

February 19-22

Ralph "Curly" Mitchell, Bill Krieg
and Virginia Culver
Numismatic Association of Southern
California Show
Hilton Hotel
7th and Figueroa Streets
Los Angeles, California

February 21-22

Dan Harley
Grand Forks Air Force Base
Coin Club Show
Grand Forks Air Force Base
Grand Forks, North Dakota



February 26-29

Virginia Culver
Las Vegas Numismatic Society
MGM Grand Hotel
Las Vegas, Nevada

February 27-29

Ed Quagliana
4th Annual Suburban Washington,
D.C., Coin Show
Sheraton Inn
8500 Annapolis Road
Lanham, Maryland

March 6-7

Dan Harley
Corpus Christi Coin Club
Collector's Show
Memorial Exposition Hall
402 South Shoreline Drive
Corpus Christi, Texas

March 6-7

Ed Quagliana
Interstate Coin Club Show
Venice Ballroom
Hagerstown, Maryland

March 19-21

Dan Harley, Bill Krieg
and Virginia Culver
Chicago International Coin Fair
Chicago Sheraton Hotel
Chicago, Illinois

March 26-28

Dan Harley
Georgia Numismatic Association
12th Annual Convention
Holiday Inn
726 Broad Street, SW
Gainesville, Georgia

March 27-28

Ed Quagliana
Racine Numismatic Society
38th Annual Coin Show
Racine Motor Inn
Racine, Wisconsin

APRIL 1-3

Dan Harley
Pensacola Coin Club Show
University Mall
I-10 & Davis Highway
Pensacola, Florida

Accent on youth

Young collectors play an important part at Great Eastern Numismatic Convention

Young collectors are on the move!

The growing importance of the youth movement in numismatics—growing both in enthusiasm and in numbers—was demonstrated in dramatic fashion recently when young collectors from six states and Canada converged on Philadelphia to take an active role in the Great Eastern Numismatic Association convention.


Highlights for the young collectors during the three days of seminars, exhibitions and demonstrations included a unique auction of gifts and prizes and a series of talks by their peers—young collectors who already have made their mark in the world of coins and medals.

Gifts and prizes were distributed to the youngsters attending the GENA convention by allowing them to bid on collectible items, using play money provided by the Association, much in the manner of an authentic auction.

Among those who addressed the young contingent were Mark Hotz of Baltimore, winner of the Outstanding Young Numismatist of 1975 Award at this year's American Numismatic Association's convention in California, who spoke on his experiences in collecting ancient coins, and Lorraine Kiessling, editor of *Inkspots*, the bulletin of the Junior Numismatic Correspondence Club of America, and a 1974 scholarship winner to the ANA

Summer Seminar in Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Other young speakers included Paul Johnson of Toronto, Canada, who won the 1975 best-of-show awards at both TOREX in Toronto and at the Canadian Numismatic Convention in Calgary, Canada; Tom Izzo of Carlstadt, New Jersey, who spoke on elongated coins, and Carmellia Cline, who discussed her experiences as a coin dealer's daughter and helper at five ANA national conventions.

The Franklin Mint was represented at the GENA convention by Edwin Quagliana, the mint's eastern states representative, who assisted in arrangements for the youth program. 



Franklin Mint representative Ed Quagliana at left above, and Virgil Hancock, President of the American Numismatic Association discuss counterfeit coins, while avid young collector, at right, bids for prizes



Carmellia Cline of Dayton, Ohio, tells young collectors of her experiences as the daughter of a coin dealer

Recent Issues

OF THE FRANKLIN MINT

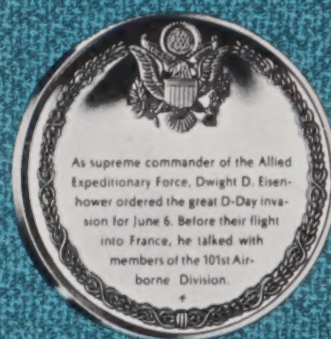
This department lists some of the many interesting medals, coins and other collector's items recently created by The Franklin Mint.

Proprietary series of The Franklin Mint, usually issued over a period of months or years, are sold by advance subscription only. Occasionally, a subscriber will relinquish his rights to one of these series. For details about obtaining relinquished rights to a particular series, please write to Collector Information, The Franklin Mint, Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091.

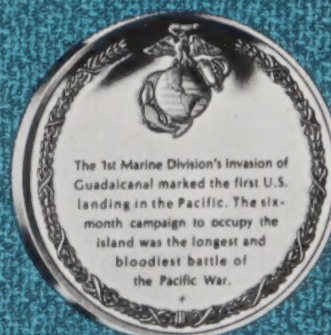
Information on the size and limits of each edition is published annually in the reference catalog *Limited Editions of The Franklin Mint*. Individual collectors who wish to obtain such information for any new Franklin Mint issue before publication of the annual catalog may do so by sending their requests, along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to the Editor of the *Almanac* no earlier than 90 days after the subscription deadline date for that issue.

Catalog numbers for all issues shown are preliminary and are subject to change.

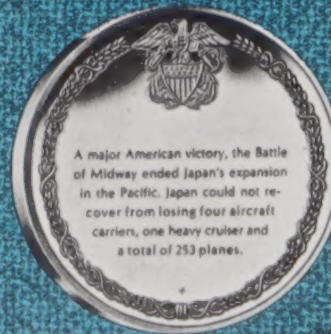
BAS-19 / Eisenhower Addresses Normandy Troops—June 5, 1944 On the night before the successful Allied invasion of Europe in World War II, General Dwight D. Eisenhower, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, visited members of the American 101st Airborne Division at their base in England. The division was to parachute behind the German lines in France the next day as part of a 150,000-man invasion force. The 19th issue of *The Franklin Mint Bicentennial History of the United States Army* depicts Eisenhower as he gave those troops his historic order of the day: "Full victory—nothing else!" They carried out that order. *Sculptor: Clifford Schule. Size: 39mm. Proof Edition: sterling silver.*



BMS-19 / Marines Invade Guadalcanal—August 7, 1942 Eight months after the devastating Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, the United States 1st Marine Division struck back in the invasion of the Japanese-held island of Guadalcanal. This first American land assault in the Pacific Theater of World War II is the subject of the 19th issue of *The Franklin Mint Bicentennial History of the United States Marine Corps*. Despite dogged resistance by Japanese land, sea and air forces, the often-outnumbered American marines battled on until they achieved America's first land victory over Japan in early February of the following year. *Sculptor: Anthony Jones. Size: 39mm. Proof Edition: sterling silver.*



BNS-19 / Battle of Midway Cripples Japanese Fleet—June 4, 1942 The Battle of Midway, a turning point in the Pacific War, was also one of the most decisive naval battles in history. A mighty Japanese fleet of nine battleships, four aircraft carriers, six cruisers and twenty-five destroyers was intercepted near the tiny American-held island of Midway by a U.S. fleet of three carriers, eight cruisers and only fifteen destroyers. When the sea and air battle ended, all four Japanese carriers were knocked out, Japan's fleet was in retreat, and Midway was saved. This battle is recalled on the 19th issue of *The Franklin Mint Bicentennial History of the United States Navy*. *Sculptor: Ernest Lauser. Size: 39mm. Proof Edition: sterling silver.*





MIM-3 / L'Absinthe de Edgar Degas The two people in this detail from the painting by Degas are known to posterity. The woman, Ellen Andrée, was an actress who also modeled for Renoir, while the man leaning wearily on the table is Marcellin Desboutin, a fellow artist and friend of Degas. The painting, which is the subject of the third issue in *The Centennial Collection of the Masterpieces of Impressionism*, originally was titled "At the Cafe," but it later acquired the more suggestive title, "The Absinthe Drinkers." Degas used his penetrating style in this painting to deal with the harshness of life in the Paris slums of his time. At the time it was painted, the public considered works such as "The Absinthe Drinkers" to be vulgar and scandalous. *Size: 45mm. Proof Edition: gold on sterling. Issued by: Le Medaillier.*



RTF-7 / The Gift Outright When Robert Frost recited his poem, "The Gift Outright," at the inauguration of President John F. Kennedy in 1961, he became the first poet ever to participate in the swearing-in of a U.S. President. The poem, which begins: "The land was ours before we were the land's. She was our land more than a hundred years before we were her people," has been praised both for its beauty and the simplicity of its sentiment. "The Gift Outright" was one of the last works of the only American poet ever to win four Pulitzer Prizes, and it is the subject of the seventh issue in *Norman Rockwell's Medallion Tribute to Robert Frost*. *Sculptor: William Shoyer. Size: 45mm. Proof Edition: sterling silver.*

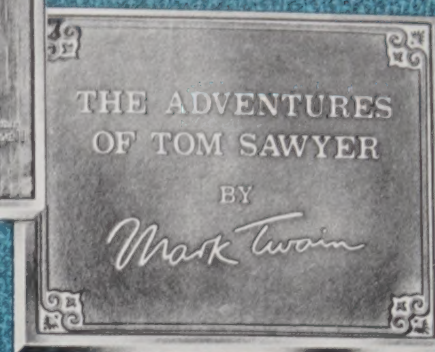


HAI-3 / Founding of the Iroquois League Iroquois Indian artist Oren Lyons created the design for this medal, the third issue in *The Medallion History of the American Indian*, as a depiction of the Great Law of Peace which binds together the five nations of the Iroquois League into the world's oldest continuing government. According to Indian legend, the original five nations (Seneca, Cayuga, Onondaga, Oneida and Mohawk) were engaged in a devastating war of attrition when the Creator sent a messenger to demand a halt to the fighting and to present to the Indians the Great Law of Peace. The provisions of this law still endure today, making the Iroquois League the world's oldest continuing government. *Designer: Oren Lyons. Sculptors: obverse, Donald Everhart II; reverse, Jane Lunger. Size: 45mm. Proof Edition: sterling silver.*



GLS-8 / Pointing Angel and the Infant Christ — detail from Virgin of the Rocks Leonardo da Vinci's large lunar-shaped painting of the "Virgin of the Rocks" hangs today in the Paris Louvre and contains strong elements of Leonardo's Florentine period. Painted between 1483 and 1486, this painting is one of two representations of the subject executed by Leonardo. The second painting, now in the National Gallery in London, was painted later in Leonardo's career and lacks some of the stylistic details of the earlier version. Among them are the angel's pointing finger and dramatic outward glance toward the viewer. This detail from Leonardo's first "Virgin of the Rocks" is the subject of the eighth issue in *The Genius of Leonardo da Vinci* collection. *Sculptor: Vincent Miller. Size: 51mm. Proof Edition: gold on sterling.*

RMT-1 / The Adventures of Tom Sawyer Mark Twain's immortal story of a young boy growing up in a small town on the banks of the Mississippi River, "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," is the inspiration for the first ingot in The Franklin Mint's collection, *Norman Rockwell's "Favorite Moments from Mark Twain."* Each ingot in this series carries an original design by Norman Rockwell, created exclusively for this collection. This first ingot depicts the famous scene from Twain's book in which Tom convinces a friend to take his place whitewashing Aunt Polly's fence. *Designer:* Norman Rockwell. *Sculptor:* Richard Baldwin. *Weight:* 700 grains. *Proof Edition:* sterling silver.



AMP-7 / The Immigrant 1896—1915 In this seventh sculptured pewter figure in The Franklin Mint's limited edition collection, *The American People — 1776 — 1976*, sculptor Andrew Chernak has depicted a turn-of-the-century American immigrant standing at a ship's rail as she views her adopted homeland for the first time. The woman's clothing is representative of that worn in Eastern Europe around the 1890s. The exodus from Europe at that time was caused primarily by political repressions and the effects of industrialization on farmers. The United States offered hope for a life of unlimited opportunity, as well as freedom from political tyranny. The subsequent contributions made by these people to the cultural and economic growth of the United States have been immeasurable. Many of America's greatest political leaders, artists, scientists and educators are descended from those who left their homes in Europe to seek a better life in America.



PPL-1 / The Good Earth by Pearl Buck This first book in The Franklin Library's Pulitzer Prize collection is recognized worldwide as Pearl Buck's best loved book. The book describes the rise of a Chinese peasant, Wang Lang, from poverty to the position of rich land owner, helped along by his wife, O-lan. The couples persistence and enduring love of the soil is strongly emphasized. The book, translated into more than a dozen languages, has won universal acclaim for its authentic picture of Chinese life. This Franklin Library edition of *The Good Earth* is covered in top grain umber brown cowhide with ornamentation in 24 karat gold. Page edges are gilded in pure gold and the end sheets are of imported red moiré fabric. The illustrations for this edition were done by the well-known Chinese artist Anthony Young Chen in the authentic tradition of the Ming and Yuan Dynasties.





*Don Polland,
American Animalier and sculptor of
The Official African Wildlife Bronzes.
See page 5*

THE FRANKLIN MINT
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

